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[From the London Morning Chronicle.]

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M. Kossuth, speaking of the taking of Sebastopol, said:

"I don't think you can take Sebastopol by the sea. The opportune moment of a coup de main being lost, it would require sacrifices which you neither can afford nor risk. As to taking it by land, it is a fortification of the French and has been calculated to resist to defend it, that but a matter of art and comparative sacrifices. It can be captured to the hour. But to take an entrenched camp, garrisoned by terrible fortresses, and an army for a garrison in it, and new armies pouring on your flank and rear, and you in the plains of Crimea, with all the no cavalry to resist them, is an undertaking, to succeed in which more forces are necessary than you have at your disposal. It is a matter of difficulties, and I am afraid that you will not find a man who has learned something about tactics, and who has not seen the map of the Crimea, to suggest a strategy. And in that position is Sebastopol, thanks to your Austrian alliance, which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in

You will be beaten remember my word. You graves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air, as the Russian fell under Turkish bullets and Danubian spear. Not one out of five of your graves, immolated in vain shall see Albion or fallia again. But I will tell you in what manner Sebastopol is to be taken. It is at Warsaw that you can take Sebastopol. Nipier landing at Tamara, and brave Poland rising at his gallant call will at the very first moment capture 100,000 Rus-

ans. This first report of Poland's insurrection has not spread dissolution in the Polish ranks of the Russian army: in three weeks the Czar would have 300,000 men less, and shall want 300,000 more. His bravest provinces, 12,000,000 of Poles, will have not only slipped from his grasp, but be fighting against him 12,000,000 left by your impolicy. The source of his power and his life is gone. Rebellion, War, anarchy, and confusion, are evident, if this is not? And that's not all in Poland, with your authority and with your aid in arms, will assure King Oscar, of Sweden, that he is not to be left a sacrifice in the hands of an overpowerful Russia. Poland in arms gives you Sweden for Finland, and Sweden, again, occupies at least 100,000 Russians in Finland, and, seconded by your fleet, rushes on toward St. Petersburg. Tins you may see the Czar under these conditions. It will be not by fortune and a garrison. Your 30,000 brave men will do the work.

SPOILING AN APPETITE.—The Rev. Dr. *Allyn*, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in Newbury, has been accused of being a glutton and a luxury. An anecdote, which was one of the latest times of his life, is that *Stearns*, among the anecdotes related of him, was the following good one in the "New England Farmer."

"During a visit to Boston, on a certain occasion, he was invited to dine with an acquaintance, who had once failed, but then lived in great style. He entered the house just at the dinner hour, and after glancing at the ostentatious parade upon the table, and the other extensive arrangements made to entertain him, quietly slipped off." His sudden disappearance excited no little wonder. "The feast was delayed, but the guest was not seen again that day. Some time after, he called upon his friend, and on being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he replied that when he saw what an elegant

Another anecdote of Dr. Alyn may be called: "SIN IN A FIDDLE."—When the violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offense to some of the parishioners. Especially was the player of the base viol exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle took place in the house of God. He said, "it is a wicked and filthy instrument." Accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied:—"It may be as you say, sir: I don't know but you are right; but if you are, it strikes me the greater

EXCELLENT REPAST.—The Rev. Dr. M'C—, minister of Douglas in Glydesdale, was one day dining in a party with the Hon. Lord Erskine. Some other lawyers were present. A great variety of crosses being presented after dinner, Dr. M'C—, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and as he ate with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, he took up the first cross with, "Dr. M'C—, to bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar?" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion; when the reverend vegetable devourer replied, "Ay, do I mind ye o' Ne—"

CHADHAZAR: That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes."

A RECK.—One of our Secretaries of State the United States struck out a good mode of getting rid of an intruder in a particular case. It appears that the doorkeeper of the Secretary's office was remarkably obliging, which proved quite the thing for a rabid office seeker, who managed to get in every day and bother the Secretary. When the annoyance had continued three or four days, the Secretary stepped up one morning to the doorkeeper, and asked if he knew what that man came after.

"Yes," replied the functionary, "an office, I suppose."

"True; do you know what office?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you; he wants your place."

JUDICIAL DECISION ON A BAD DINNER.—The late Judge Dooley, of Georgia, was distinguished for his sharp and ready wit as the following anecdote will serve to illustrate:

At one place where he attended court, he was not so much pleased with the entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the court, a hog under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole, and laid upon the table. No person attacked it. It was brought on the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day when the court adjourned. As the boarders finished their dinner, Judge Dooley rose from the table, in a solemn manner addressed the clerk:

The vanity of human life is like a river, constant-
passing away, and yet constantly coming on.—
Dean Swift.

It would be no virtue to bear calamities, if we
did not feel them.—[Seneca.